

The Chronicle History

Enter Pistol.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turki-
cockes.

God plesse you Ancient Pistol, you scall,
Beggerly, lowly knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou Bedlem?

Dost thou thrust base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

Flew. Ancient Pistol.

I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eat this Lecke.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistol.

He strikes him.

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.

Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:

But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eat this Lecke.

Cower. Enough Captaine,

You haue astonisht him, it is enough.

Flewel. Astonisht him,

By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Lecke.

Pist. Well must I bite?

Flew. I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Lecke.

Pistol. Good, good.

Flewel.

of Henry the fift.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient Pistol.
Looke you now, there is a shilling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another Lecke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.

Flew. If I owe you any thing,
I will pay you in Cudgelles:

You shall be a Wood-monger,
And buy Cudgels. And so God be with you

Ancient Pistol, God plesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Ancient Pistol, if you see Leekes another time,

Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?

Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly

That Doll is sicke. One malady of France

The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,

Baud will I turne, and vse the slight of hand:

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these scarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres. I

Exit Pistol

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his

Lords.

And at the other doore, the King of France, Queens

Katherine, the Duke of Burbon,

and others.

G

Har.